The Alpha's Alibi

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/58592983.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Season/Series 02, Episode: s02e06 Futamono, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, AU S2 where Will isn't in BSHCI and Hannibal doesn't hook up with Alana, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will Graham, will in hannibal's dress shirt, Dark Will Graham, Unexpected Rut, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Chasing, Rough Sex, Mating, Mating Bites, Biting, Bonding, Knotting, Come Inflation, Hannibal is whipped, can be read as traditional or multisex omega, Prompt Fill, do not copy to another site, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 47 of Tiger's canon(ish) Hannigram fics, Part 121 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn
Collections:	Omega Will Festival — 2024
Stats:	Published: 2024-10-20 Words: 2,064 Chapters: 1/1

The Alpha's Alibi

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will gives Hannibal an alibi and wants something in return.

Notes

A fill for the WGA Server omega Will fest. Prompt = Please please, to anyone who is bored but creative. All I want in life is Jack asking Hannibal if anyone can vouch for him being at home all night while in his red sweater and then Jack’s omega bloodhound comes down the stairs only in Hannibal’s barely buttoned white dress shirt all wrinkled and says he can since his alpha was pleasing him all night. And Hannibal is quick to go along with it though Will is definitely not his omega nor was he in his bedroom last night. And then they mate when Hannibal finds out Will knows and wants him anyway. Please!

In hindsight, Hannibal should have asked Alana to stay.

He wasn't entirely inclined towards the beta, but she'd made her interest increasingly clear over the years, not least at the dinner party the previous evening, and an alibi would have been smart. It would have been smarter still not to underestimate Jack Crawford - the intimidating alpha that now stood in his foyer.

He glowered at Hannibal as he spoke.

"Abel Gideon fell down a stairwell last night. He was hospitalised and the security guard standing watch has been killed, in what appears to be another Chesapeake Ripper murder. Gideon is nowhere to be found."

"He escaped?" Hannibal queried.

“We know he didn’t leave the hospital on his own, his back was broken, he was taken.” The words were stern and his accusatory gaze didn’t waver. “By someone. Someone who knew him.”

Hannibal remained silent, offering nothing.

“Where were you last night?” Jack continued.

Hannibal let out a sigh, trying to convey his disappointment in the accusation. “I was here.”

“All night?” It was clear Jack didn’t believe him.

“Yes.”

“Anyone other than yourself that can verify that,” it didn’t even sound like a question, Jack’s tone incredulous.

“I can.”

Both alpha’s attentions were drawn towards the omega that had entered the room behind Jack, his slight frame wrapped in the dress shirt Hannibal had been wearing the evening before.

“I was with Hannibal all night, Jack,” Will claimed, his arms crossed over his chest.

Jack’s surprise was clear as he glanced between Hannibal and Will. It was shocking, to be sure. Not just because Will had been trying to convince everyone for quite some time that Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper, and now that it could potentially be proven, he was the alibi. But also because Will had not attended the party the night before.

Will hadn’t stayed the night.

“What are you accusing him of?” Will asked, glaring at his boss.

“I’m not accusing him of anything,” Jack replied, almost defensively. “Only asking his whereabouts.”

“That’s not all you’re asking,” Hannibal interjected, ignoring the way his mind reeled at the omega’s presence but now determined to use it to his advantage if that was the game Will wanted to play.

Jack left silence in his wake, leaving both men waiting for the other to speak as the air crackled between them. Finally Hannibal broke it as they heard Jack’s car drive away.

“You weren’t here last night.”

“No,” Will agreed, his piercing gaze unwavering. “I followed you. I followed you to the hospital and then I followed you home.”

“And then you snuck in and gave me an alibi,” Hannibal stated, though the questions within those words were clear.

“After all this time of no one taking my warnings seriously.”

“Your allegations,” Hannibal corrected.

“Ha,” Will scoffed. “I’m good at my job.”

“Which one?” Hannibal countered, “FBI agent or serial killer?”

That lifted Will’s eyebrow and it felt for the first time like they were truly seeing each other clearly by revealing what they already knew.

Will responded with his own question, “Did you know omegan serial killers are even rarer than female serial killers, of any dynamic?”

“Rare things are often the most beautiful,” Hannibal replied, his gaze flicking momentarily to Will’s mouth.

“Hmm,” Will’s hum was passive, but he continued, redirecting again. “I was good enough to stay out of prison, or worse, under Chilton’s care. Despite your best efforts.”

“We’re evenly matched,” Hannibal acknowledged, but Will shook his head with a chuckle.

“No, Doctor Lecter. We’re not. Despite your best efforts the Chesapeake Ripper will never be a match for me.”

“And so, the alibi you just afforded me proves. Without your intervention I might have been caught today.” Hannibal remains stoic as he speaks.

“You *would* have been,” Will asserted. “But I didn’t want you to be. Not right now. Not until I choose… *If* I choose.”

Hannibal’s jaw clenched despite himself, he was not agreeable to someone else ever having power over him. He should not have gone after Gideon, but it had been too tempting to resist, given how he longed to introduce the doctor to the real Chesapeake Ripper.

And it fit so nicely into his plan, the longer game he was playing. They might not have fallen for his attempted framing of Will Graham before, but they would have after this - the fly fishing lures he had used to string up the security guard would only strengthen evidence that Will was guilty.

“You are certainly formidable,” Hannibal replied.

Will smirked, “As are you. I saw your ties, very nicely done. Compelling evidence that would be difficult to ignore. I’m pretty sure I’d be next on Jack’s list of people whose whereabouts he wished to obtain. Glad I saved him the effort.”

“Indeed. Sounds like you’d be in need of an alibi.” Hannibal couldn’t help being begrudgingly impressed. He knew Will was his equal on many levels, but this level of manipulation was beyond even his expectations. He couldn’t deny it made his knot throb.

“I have one,” Will grinned.

“Yes, it appears you do.”

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As soon as Hannibal let out a low growl, Will ran.

He had been playing a long game with this, deciding that if he couldn’t beat Hannibal, he should join him. And Hannibal’s inability to resist the lure of Gideon, his need to punish a would-be Ripper, played completely into Will’s hands.

In fact, even better than Will had hoped, given the slowly permeating scent that had filled the foyer in the few minutes since Jack had left.

The unmistakable scent of an alpha going into rut was perfect. He would run, the alpha would chase, and eventually Will would let the alpha have him - mate and bond with him. And then the game would be over and new, just as fun ones could begin.

Will took the stairs two at a time, running towards the master bedroom, his heart beating in tempo with Hannibal’s footfalls behind him, gaining on him. Will was almost at the door when a hand grazed his back, almost catching him already. The fact of it made him wet, such a strong and powerful alpha to have gained on him so quickly.

But Will was slightly faster, bursting through the door and vaulting over the bed, putting it between them as he turned on the alpha.

“Can you smell me? Can you smell how wet you’re making me? I’ve never met my match before. Have you?”

Hannibal just growled again, stalking his side of the bed as he glared at Will with eyes now blood-red from his rut.

“Omega,” Hannibal rumbled the word, low in his chest.

“You want this?” Will asked, stepping back from the bed enough to give a clear view of where the shirt fell mid-thigh. He slowly hiked it up on one side, revealing more of his thigh and the crease of his groin, his scent strong.

His other hand went to the top, starting to unbutton the shirt.

“Will,” it was a warning, growled in a way that made Will shiver.

“There he is. Come and get me.” Will broke, running to the side and hoping to dodge Hannibal and continue the chase - looking forward to being caught once the alpha was even

more riled. But he must have been riled enough because he was on Will before he could even dodge.

Grabbed fiercely around the waist, Hannibal ripped the shirt as he threw him onto the bed. The fabric was in shreds, barely covering the nudity beneath, as Hannibal pinned him to the bed.

“Yes,” Will encouraged, there really wasn’t any resisting it. At first he thought he could outsmart Hannibal, could beat him at his own game. But he had come to realise that this game wasn’t going to end how either of them had planned. It had become clear to Will that this was only going to end one of two ways - they would either kill each other or…

“Mine!” Hannibal growled, lowering himself to breath deeply of Will’s scent gland.

“Yours,” Will agreed. “Make me yours.”

Hannibal was frenzied as he began ripping at his own clothes, half undressed by the time he managed to pull out his cock, hard and dripping precome.

Will spread his legs and relaxed back, allowing the alpha to do as instinct dictated as he lay in shreds of the man’s dress shirt.

When the alpha thrust into him, hard and deep, it hurt. He was wet, but Hannibal was incredibly well endowed, and Will could only imagine how difficult it was going to be to take his knot - he couldn’t wait!

If Hannibal registered how tight Will was, he didn’t acknowledge it, just pumping his hips over and over - deep in his rut.

“Y-yes. Yes.” Will encouraged, the words being forced from him by violent thrusts.

Will knew that he would be less likely to get injured if he went completely lax, and so he did. Relaxing every part of his body so that he was almost being thrown about like a rag doll with the way Hannibal used him.

“Mate, mate…” Will panted the words, moving his head to one side, bearing his neck in invitation and waiting for Hannibal to notice.

It took a few more minutes of violent thrusting before Hannibal growled with desire and lunged at Will’s neck, his teeth sinking into his soft flesh. Will was reeling from the pain of it when he felt the press of the alpha’s swollen knot against him. Another hard thrust and that was inside him too. He winced at the burning tightness even as it turned into a strange sort of pleasure of its own.

As the alpha’s saliva sank into his system, Will began to feel its euphoric effects and within moments he was coming hard, spilling all over himself as clenched around Hannibal’s knot.

Hannibal sank his teeth deeper, letting out a strangled cry as the constrictions brought on his own climax and he began to come.

Will felt near delirious from the blissful pleasure as he was pumped full over and over. For long minutes Hannibal continued to hold him down with his teeth as he flooded more and more come into Will's womb. Until his belly was distended and taut with it.

Will came again twice more, though it was almost a blur at this point. He sank further and further into a euphoric haze, even more satisfying for knowing that he had achieved exactly what he set out to do.

*

Hannibal ached as he poured coffee. It was a satisfying but unexpected ache that he hadn't felt in a long time. Not least because the ache sat in his chest as much as in his bones. He had known almost immediately that he had met his match in Will Graham, but he hadn't realised the extent to which that was so very true.

"Mornin'," Will walked naked into the kitchen, his body bruised and bitten. The shirt that had offered him modesty twenty fours ago was ruined beyond use and now lay on the bedroom floor.

Hannibal took in a breath at the sight of the omega, and handed over his cup of coffee when Will held out his hand. It was an unspoken command, obeyed instinctively. Hannibal knew in that moment it was the shape of things to come.

"We're bonded," Hannibal acknowledged, the bite on Will's neck being the most prominent. Not least because of the way Hannibal had continued to gnaw at it as they had continued to mate through the night. Hannibal lost count of how many times he knotted, but it was enough that he now felt sore - and yet would be immediately hard again if Will so wished.

"We are," Will agreed, smirking over the top of his cup.

"No more games then," Hannibal ventured, to which Will chuckled and shook his head.

"Plenty of games, just not ones that will land either of us in prison."

"As mates we would be unable to testify against each other," Hannibal acknowledged.

Will nodded, "And I think we might have a lot more fun playing games with each other, rather than against each other." Will sipped, still gazing at Hannibal. "I'll be your alibi if you'll be mine."

"Quid pro quo," Hannibal replied, receiving an enchanting, devious grin in return.

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